



North walked in as a matter of course. That was a recognized part of his programme. He was conducted through a dim, elegantly appointed hall, and ushered into a still more dim, elegantly appointed drawing-room, and there left to the tender mercies of the darkness and the furniture with the cheering information that Mrs. Maynard was expecting him and would be down soon.

"Confoundedly dark place!" grumbled North, as he groped his way to the nearest chair. "If daylight is too expensive a luxury here, why don't they light the gas? I've a great mind to suggest it to my friend, Mrs. Maynard, only I'm afraid she might not receive the suggestion in the same kindly spirit in which it was offered. Oh, I don't expect to enjoy this, after all! It looks like carrying the thing too far. I believe I'll conduct myself with a certain degree of eccentricity, so that in case of detection I can plead emotional insanity as my excuse. 'Singular Freak of an Insane Man.' 'Harmless Vagaries of a Lunatic.' That's the way the reporters would write up the affair. Hush-ho! here she comes."

CHAPTER III.
A. S. S.—
Known unto these, and to myself disguised.
I'll say as they say, and preserve as
And in this mist all adventures go!

The soft rustle of silken garments announced the approach of Mrs. Maynard. It drew nearer, and with noiseless step the lady herself swept into the drawing-room.

North, whose eyes had by this time become accustomed to the dim twilight, rose at once with a formal bow. To his surprise he found that his nerves were a little unsteady, his pulses beating a little more rapidly than usual. Could it be that he was excited? The critical moment had come. He knew that within the next few seconds his decision must be made. If he were to retreat from the reckless course that he had meditated, it must be in the very moment of greeting Mrs. Maynard; but, granting that he made this choice, what acceptable excuse could he offer for reading a note which he was morally certain was not intended for his perusal, and accepting an invitation which it was equally certain had never been extended to him?

This question which, strange to say, occurred to him now for the first time, produced a most curiously tinged glow upon him, and for the moment deprived him of the power of speech or action. It might almost be argued in his defense that he was not responsible for what immediately followed, for as he stood there in this state of fascinated indecision Mrs. Maynard unconsciously turned the wavering scale, in which, perfectly balanced, his line of action lay, by uttering his name in tones of welcome and holding out her hand to him cordially. It was a small white hand with a solitary ring sparkling on one finger—and he noticed that in a vague sort of way—and it rested in his hand as lightly as a snowflake.

North realized then that in his moment of hesitation he was best; he therefore gave himself up to an interesting study of Mrs. Maynard, and a painter-stricken wonder how best to adapt his manner and conversation to the peculiar situation in which he had placed himself.

The first consideration was easily disposed of. Accustomed to arriving swiftly at conclusions, he summed up Mrs. Maynard in one rapid glance. An uncertain, something between twenty-five and thirty; height a little above the medium; figure graceful and willowy; hair pale golden, exquisitely fine and wavy; eyes large, dark and brilliant; features regular and delicately colored; manner vivacious and slightly impetuous. A little spoiled and willful, perhaps, but only delightfully so.

Her gown was of black silk, with a profusion of fine white lace about the collar, which relieved the somber effect and seemed to give a peculiar brilliancy to her eyes. That faint elusive perfume like hot house roses, which he had noticed when he read her note, hung about her like an intangible presence. There was an indescribable daintiness about her that gave a peculiar charm to her beauty; yet with all this softness and beauty, one could not fail to perceive that she possessed some strong and decided qualities of character. Irresistible pride and force of will—these two traits were plainly revealed beneath all the charm of a sweet and gracious exterior.

Had North been very susceptible to feminine attractions he might have lost his heart to Mrs. Maynard at first sight, as others had so often done. But a certain cold, flippant cynicism which he had been cultivating for the past few years, with considerable success, saved him from this fate. He had once loved a beautiful girl with all the strength and fervor of his soul, but he



"How very kind is you, Mr. North!"

lived in her with this whole heart, and had been trilled with—deceived. There was no danger that his heart would ever be captured again.

Still Mrs. Maynard interested him, under the circumstances, and he tried in

fore subjected her to his unobtrusive but critical observation.

Their eyes met directly for an instant after their first salutations, and during that instant North fancied that he could perceive a swift and subtle change come over her. He could not have defined the change, any more than he could have accounted for it. He knew that a sudden little shadow flitted over her face, a sudden little chill came into her manner, a curious mingling of surprise, annoyance and perplexity took the place of the frank cordiality with which she at first greeted him. She seemed to lose her self-possession for a moment, and her first words, though evidently intended to be light and carefree, were spoken with a nervous rapidity that quite betrayed her.

"How very kind in you, Mr. North, to be so punctual!" she exclaimed, as she sank gracefully into a low easy-chair and waved him back to his seat. "I really have not a moment this afternoon that I can call my own, but I thought I must see you if only to say two words. The ladies' guild, of which I am so unfortunate as to be president, is to meet with me for a special session of closed doors, and already several of the members have arrived, so you see I shall have just five minutes to devote to you—or rather, I shall detain you only for that time. You understand, of course, why I sent for you?" with a swift, questioning glance at him, a slight trace of anxiety in her manner.

North gravely assented and endeavored to look wise.

"Of course," he said to himself, with his usual facility for quieting his own conscience, "she sent for me because she wanted to see me. Isn't that clear enough? Anyone might understand that!"

"I mean," added Mrs. Maynard, with a curious effect of measuring her words with difficulty because of her usual habit of speaking impulsively and unguardedly, "you understand my—anxiety?"

She hesitated again and seemed to be waiting for him to speak. As he could do nothing, however, but assent to her remarks with a wise, non-committal air, she resumed with sudden vivacity:

"Were you very much disappointed last evening, Mr. North? I was so provoked when Williams told me that you had called. What is that very important communication that you wished to make? I assure you I have been in a perfect flutter of curiosity ever since Williams gave me your message."

Here was swift retribution, truly! North, who had just been regretting that moment of indecision that had been his undoing. Everything danced before his eyes for an instant as he dizzily sought in the recesses of his mind for some plausible means of extricating himself from this embarrassing dilemma. He had gone altogether too far now to think of retreating precipitately and acknowledging the during presentation that he had attempted, there was no alternative but to face the situation coolly and make the best of it.

"Oh, really, Mrs. Maynard," he said, affecting great negligence, "Williams must have drawn upon his imagination a little, I think. To be sure, he may have fancied that my errand was very pressing, but, in fact, don't you know, it is nothing of importance, after all. I am sorry to disappoint you, Mrs. Maynard, but really, I gave Williams no special message at all."

"Oh! indeed, then he probably misunderstood," the lady rejoined, with a thoughtful air; but North nervously fancied that she was by no means satisfied in her own mind that he was telling her the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

"It was so confounding," she went on presently, "that you had received some important word from New York. Have you really heard nothing, Mr. North?"

"Not one syllable," declared North, solemnly, thankful for the ability to keep at least within the letter of the truth without compromising his safety.

"That is very strange, indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Maynard, then, after a thoughtful little pause, looking perhaps five seconds, she said, gaily:

"However, I shall not repine until I have greater cause than this. I am certainly learning all the bitterness of hope deferred; but what else can I expect, pray? You lawyers are such a tedious set, with your 'red tape' and 'legal process,' and strange and mysterious adjournments, and your thousand ingenious inventions to cause delay; really, to an uninitiated person like myself, it is simply marvelous how long a case can be dragged out after it once gets into the courts! No, Mr. North, don't begin an eloquent defense of your professional guild; they don't deserve it, and I have no time to listen, if they did. I had two distinct objects, aside from my natural curiosity about you, for this very important communication which you now evince such a perverse determination to withhold from me, in asking you to call on me this afternoon. In the first place, I wish to remind you of the expediency of keeping from the major all knowledge of these new investigations that we are about to institute. You know the poor dear major's peculiarities!"

This with an inquiring elevation of the delicate brows, a deprecating curve of the delicate lips.

North assented with two or three grave and comprehending nods, as if to say: "This is between ourselves and is perfectly understood. No further words are necessary."

"Wonder if one of these self-same peculiarities is an interesting habit of listening at the doors?" he mused. "One would fancy so from the cautious way she lowers her voice. By Jove! I wish I were well out of this! What will come next, in the way of startling developments?"

"You know," Mrs. Maynard continued, in the same sweet, guarded tone, breaking in upon North's meditations, "how persistently he has opposed us all through this affair. He has a perfectly unreasonable horror of litigation, as well as a strong desire to thwart and annoy me, and he tried in

every way to prevent me from urging my claim in the first place. Of course, I am not in the habit of allowing myself to be guided by Maj. Maynard's advice in matters of any personal interest or importance; still, harmony in the household is something that one is willing to purchase at almost any cost, and in this case, really, Mr. North, if it had not been for your professional advice, and your resolutely taking affairs into your own hands and assuming the whole legal responsibility for me, I have no doubt that I should have yielded to his prejudices and allowed my interests to be sacrificed, just to preserve the peace!"

She sighed faintly as she spoke, leaning back in her chair with her eyes downcast.

North's countenance wore a disturbed expression during the interval of silence that ensued.

"This looks alarmingly like the domestic skeleton!" he thought, almost shuddering at the thought. "With what charming naïveté she alludes to her differences with the major! If I could have foreseen that I should have to play the role of sympathizing friend in a case in which a tyrannical husband and a beautiful injured wife were the other leading characters, I should scarcely have had the temerity to come here at all. With what a matter-of-course air she refers to this delicate subject, as if she had frequently discussed it with me. I don't understand it. A lady might possibly make such spiritual confessions to her lawyer, but does she also pour them into the sympathetic ear of her husband? (I wish he were the general custom, then the fates preserve me from becoming that most unhappy of all luckless mortals, some fair lady's confidential legal adviser!"

At this point in his reflections the door-bell rang, and a gay murmur of ladies' voices was heard in the hall. Mrs. Maynard started up with a little gesture of annoyance, and North, perceiving his opportunity, rose at once to take leave of her.

"I fear that I am encroaching on your time, Mrs. Maynard," he said. "I had no idea that I was staying so long. Alas for North's veracity! He had never before endured a period of time that seemed so interminable."

"It is really provoking, Mr. North," said Mrs. Maynard, "after you have taken the trouble to call at this hour, that we should have so little time to talk."

"Oh, it was no trouble at all, Mrs. Maynard," protested North with an air of light gallantry. "I esteem it a great honor and privilege to see you even for this brief time."

He imagined that this flippant speech would be accepted with the same lightness with which it was uttered. Instead of this he perceived that as he spoke a shadow of displeasure clouded Mrs. Maynard's face and something like disdain curved the proud lips. Only for an instant; she recovered herself quickly and rejoined with a gay little laugh:

"Ah, you wretched flatterer! How often have you made that pretty speech? Good-by! No wait! I had almost forgotten. I have found that missing letter of which I told you once. You know you urged me yesterday to renew my search for it, as it might prove to be of some value as evidence. Don't stop to read it now, but examine it to your leisure and then tell me the result of your deliberations. Ah, Mrs. Huntington—prayer excuse me, Mrs. North—I am



so delighted to see you! No, the library, dear; this way, please."

And Mrs. Maynard had vanished, leaving North standing at the drawing-room door with the letter that she had given him still in his hand. He was looking at it with almost as much dismay as if it had been a package of explosives. Finally, he read the letter, and as if he were acting more from the pressure of circumstances than from any clear purpose in his own mind, he put the envelope into his pocket and made his escape somewhat precipitately from the house.

CHAPTER IV.
Hunting—Oh, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it
But it suffices that the day will end,
And then the end is known.

Alas! in his mental review of this call on Mrs. Maynard, Allan North, instead of retracing his steps over the route by which he had come, turned suddenly into an interesting business street and by the time he was awakened to this fact he was a long distance from Delaplane street or any other locality with which he was in the slightest degree familiar.

"Well, where am I?" he asked himself, as he paused irresolutely on a corner and looked about him in every direction. "I have not the slightest idea how I got to this hotel. I never was more completely lost in my life. It was very strange indeed, to wander about in Delaplane street; but if my confused recollection of the past few moments is at all correct, I have been turning corner with a reckless persistency that deprives me of all hope of ever finding my way back to that aristocratic thoroughfare. As I cannot stand here all night, I really see no alternative but to keep moving."

He started on slowly, and his mind wandered back to his interrupted train of meditations.

"She quite interests me," he mused, perhaps for the fiftieth time, while his brows contracted with a puzzled frown. "Maynard's Mrs. Maynard! why is it that the name seems so familiar to me? It has been half a century something to me ever since I read her note. It appears that she has become entangled in a lawsuit. I wonder what is nature of the difficulty, if, furthermore, appears

that the major (query, who is the major?) is inclined to make trouble, and the lady and her lawyer are consequently obliged to circumvent the old fellow. Rather interesting situation—for the lawyer! She's quite young, and very beautiful. I wonder if she is like-minded in love with me? It looks tremendously like it. Phaw! Of course I mean with the other fellow. By the way, I ought to be hunting up Dennis O'Reilly. As a matter of fact, that is what I am here for. I wonder if his name is in the directory? Just like a blundering idiot to forget to give his address! Now, suppose I step into this drug store—there's an accommodating-looking man in the door—and glance over their directory. And then if it should so chance that the man doesn't know much, though that is almost too much to expect, I can venture to inquire the way to the Clement house, without exposing myself to disagreeable insinuations and ridicule."

Accordingly he stepped up to the drug store and lifting his hat to the man who was lounging on the steps, he ventured the observation that "it was a fine day."

"Very fine," assented the man addressed, with amiable brevity, as he gave North a glance that plainly said: "I've seen you before, but who in the world are you, anyway?" Then moving a little aside to enable North to enter the store, he relapsed into his own silent meditations as he idly watched the passers-by.

Longing for the colored lights in the great front window was a discontented looking youth whose utter idleness and general appearance of ennui appealed to North's sympathy at once. The depressed and languishing state of business was painfully apparent in the solitude and leisure that pervaded the place.

North smiled affably at the youth as he turned to the counter. What a marvel! Influence there is in a smile! Hope, expectation, renewed faith in his fellow-men, even a faint interest in life become apparent in that sad youth's countenance, only to be succeeded by a melancholy far surpassing his original gloom, when North inquired for a directory.

Indicating by a silent gesture the dingy old volume that was chained to the counter in full view, the youth returned with a sad reproachful air to his post of observation in the window and vouchsafed no further notice of the man whose interest seemed no higher than the pages of the local directory.

Turning the leaves rapidly until he came to the right initial, North commenced to scan the pages carefully in the hope of discovering the name and local habitation of Dennis O'Reilly. He found the family well represented. There was John and Bridget and Patrick and Ann and Terrence and John; but nowhere Dennis. Over and over again he read the names, but to no purpose; for, lacking the ingenuity of the Irishman who unlawfully appropriated an army blanket and then proved property to his own satisfaction, at least, by the fact that his initials were on it—I for Patrick and J for O'Reilly—he could not make John or Bridget or any of the other names read Dennis, and he finally gave up the attempt in despair.

As he was turning back listlessly, the name "Maynard" caught his eye. There it was—"Maj. Charles Maynard, No. 23 Delaplane street."

"Her husband," reflected North, with a vague feeling of having satisfactorily settled one point of his inquiry. He had referred to Mrs. O'Reilly. A crochety old fellow who has to be humored. I wonder if he makes her very unhappy? And if—? The thread of his reflections was suddenly broken. His glance had wandered from the open book to a newspaper on the counter, and there, among other professional cards displayed in the advertising columns, had been attracted his attention.

"North & Wescott," Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Offices 8 and 5 Market Square."

"North & Wescott"—a partner, by Jove!—was the first comment that flashed through his mind; "3 and 5 Market square" if I ever can find the place, I think I must call at my office and see how things look there. North—North—h'm! No! Not a moment to be added to this hasty search for the name! But then, it's an old edition, and probably doesn't contain the names of one-half the present population. And now, about this O'Reilly; it's perfectly evident that he isn't here either. How shall I go to work to find him? Perhaps this boy can tell me something about him. At least I can inquire."

And closing the book, North began to loiter.

"Young man, what sort of a directory do you call this, anyway?"

The youth just turned his head toward North on being thus suddenly and familiarly addressed.

"Good enough," was his laconic response, given with an intonation that strongly suggested the additional words: "For you!"

"Oh," rejoined North, "I am perfectly willing to concede that it is good enough, so far as it goes; but inasmuch as it fails to give the precise information that I am seeking, it is worth nothing at all to me. I am in search of one Dennis O'Reilly, who professes to be a resident of this city. Can you give me any information concerning him?"

"Dennis O'Reilly?" said the boy with a blank look, as he thrust his elbow on the shelf directly behind him and



slowly turned himself around until he was facing North. "Dennis O'Reilly?" he repeated in the strongly disparaging tone by which people frequently attempt to justify the ignorance that they are compelled to confess. "Never heard of him before."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A MINNEAPOLIS MIRACLE.

THE REMARKABLE CURE OF J. B. WHITE OF THIS CITY.

A Cripple for Two Years, Pronounced Incurable by Physicians and Given up by His Friends to Die—How He Obtained Relief and Became a Well Man—His Daughter's Marvelous Improvement.

(From the Minneapolis Journal.)

"Precious is the panacea that cures when hope is gone and medical advice pronounces the death sentence—'Incurable.' How terrible it is to think of leaving this sweet life before the allotted years of man's time here on earth are spent." Thus spoke J. B. White of 1201, 3d St. N. E., last night to a Journal reporter. Mr. White has been much talked about of late, and the following conversation explains why:

"I am a native of Shedd, New Brunswick, and of French descent. I have been in Minneapolis for many years. I am now 60 years old. I fell from a building two years ago and broke my thigh, besides injuring myself internally. The doctors could do nothing for me but let the bones grow together as best they could. When I was able to walk on crutches I came near dying from the complication of troubles that had set in after the fall. For one year and a half I walked on crutches, striving in vain to find some relief from the misery I felt night and day. The worst part of my afflictions was that I could not eat anything. If I could have taken nourishment and kept it down I could have stood the pain better. I had four doctors, and kept taking all sorts of medicines. I had to stop all of them or I would have been a dead man. I have enough bottles left to start a store. I would be troubled to write the number of my hips would pain me so that I often thought I should go crazy. I was so emaciated that there was nothing to me but skin and bone. Last summer I felt as if I was nearly dead. My kidneys then began to bother me. I got so I could not sleep only at intervals. Finally I gave up in despair. One day I was sitting out on the porch. It was a beautiful sunny day. The singing of birds and the odor of flowers met me thinking of childhood days. From that my thoughts reverted to the little French weekly paper, Le Monteur Acadien, that we got, and I thought I would like to read it and see how things were at home. I told my wife to give me the last number. She brought me the one that came that morning. The first thing I saw was a long article about the miraculous cure of a cripple. I read on and on, becoming more interested than ever. The patient described in the article said that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People cured him and they would cure others. The story aroused my interest and I looked up the name of the doctor. I did not expect relief right away, but soon they made the headache pass away. After taking them some days, I could eat. People laughed at me when I began to take the pills, telling me I was taking too much candy. But the day I threw away the crutches they thought different. I am well and hearty as a young man of 25."

At this juncture his married daughter, Mrs. N. White, came into the store. "Mother," said he, "is another case. She has tried them, too." The reporter thought it would be a good idea to speak of her case, also, since it was a woman's.

Mrs. White married a man of the same name as her father, so this accounts for the same name.

"The doctor," she said, "told me I had nerve trouble. I was in miserable condition. Nothing that I took could alleviate the pain I would feel in my limbs and abdomen. I often had fluttering of the heart, and frequent weak spells. I would eat, but it would do me no good. I could not sleep, I was in misery and despair. My father took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and his improvement was so rapid that I thought I would take them, too. At first I felt worse, and then began to mend so rapidly that I was astonished. I have taken seven boxes and am now nearly well. I can do my own work and sleep and eat well. In the morning I feel refreshed after a night's rest."

August Grotedank, who keeps the Germania Drugstore, at 1011 Main St. N. E., corroborated what Mr. White had said above in regard to his condition, saying: "I have sold a great many since these cures. Some of the lumbermen going the woods have taken half dozen boxes of these pills with them."

They certainly have done a wonderful lot of good and should have the entire credit of the cures."

On the inquiry The Journal reporter found that these pills are now on sale at the various wholesale drug houses of Minneapolis and St. Paul and are met with a good sale, but not as fast as they will sell as soon as their merit is fully known. He also found that they were manufactured by Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and Brockville, Ont., and pills are sold in boxes (never in bulk by the hundred) at 50c a box, or six for \$2.50.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as leucemia, neuritis, partial paralysis, rheumatism, ataxia, St. Vitus dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and all tired feeling, nervousness and severe colds, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system; in men they affect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature.

Six Per Cent.

I have funds to loan at above rate. One note and one mortgage and small cash commission. Privilege of paying any amount at any time. Interest and principal payable in Abilene. Call and see me.

HILAND SOUTHWORTH.

The Rock Island will sell you a round trip ticket to Denver, Colorado Springs or Pueblo for \$20 good to return 30 days from date of sale.

Children Cry for
Pitcher's Castoria.



Don't Mince Matters, but take all the help you can get. And you can get more of it, with Pearline, than with anything else that's safe to use. Everybody knows about Pearline for washing clothes. We talk more about that, because of all the wear and tear and labor it saves, by doing away with that ruinous rub, rub, rub. But don't let it's help stop there. With anything that will wash at all, Pearline will save you something in the washing. Dishes, paint, woodwork, marble, windows, carpets (without taking up), milk cans, silver, jewelry, etc.—these are only some of the things that are washed best with Pearline.

Feddiers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "This is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—and it back.

JAMES PYLE, New York.

CANNIBALS OF ANCIENT TIMES.

Vast Quantities of Interesting Relics Found in Caves of Southern Europe.

The scientists holding the belief that man is a very ancient animal on earth have referred to evidence to numerous caves in southern Europe and elsewhere, which were doubtless inhabited by many generations of human beings for the sake of shelter and security. These caves contain great numbers of human bones and primitive tools, which, it is alleged, have been found numerous instances mixed with fragments of skeletons of the huge cave bear, the saber-toothed tiger, the woolly rhinoceros, the giant beaver and even the elephants antiquus, which was the ancestor of the mammoth and the elephants of today. The flooring of ashes from ancient houses, hold fires in these caverns, is sometimes as much as twenty feet thick, representing the accumulations of hundreds if not thousands of years. Scattered about the ancient hearths are ever so many bones of men, women and children, which bear not only traces of fire but marks of implements employed to split them lengthwise for the purpose of getting at the marrow. Thus it would seem that these savages of antiquity were cannibals.

In these caves testimony is found of many murders committed thousands of years ago. Skulls of women cleft by sharp weapons prove that they often were victims of savage violence. One such cranium of a female bears the marks of three penetrating wounds. The fact that two of them exhibit signs of having healed shows that she recovered, only to succumb to a third wound. The ancient occupants of the caverns appear to have depended for food chiefly on the meat of reindeer, which in their time were as plentiful in the south of Europe as sheep are now. Reindeer horn was their earliest raw material employed for manufacturing purposes. They fished with hooks made of splinters of bone pointed at both ends. Twenty of the bones of water-rats, half roasted, were dug up in a single cave at Chaleux, from which it is inferred that these animals contributed to the food supply in times of scarcity. It has been alleged that the dwellers in the caverns used the lower jawbone of the cave bear as a weapon, the great canine teeth serving as a point with which deadly blows could be struck.

Some of the caves were regular factories for making tools and weapons. From the cave at Chaleux twenty-four sand flint hatchets, daggers and knives have been obtained by digging. A workshop of this kind in Périgord was devoted to the making of spearheads, while another confined itself to fabricating tools of reindeer horn. Curious whistles were turned out from the first joint of the reindeer's foot. Twenty of the implements and weapons discovered were rudely decorated with representations of fishes, of reindeer and even mammoths. There were hunting scenes carved in bone and horn, in which men were shown in pursuit of game or in conflict with beasts. One carving is a landscape, with reindeer herds, in admirable perspective. The British museum owns a supposed prehistoric reindeer horn, twenty feet long, with the handle curved in the form of a reindeer, which would not be unworthy of modern art.—Boston Transcript.

"Did you call the gentleman in No. 12?" He wants his breakfast at seven o'clock. "No, he don't."

"Did he say so?" Bell Boy—"No he blew out the gas last night."—Inter-Ocean.

"What will you have, sir?" said the pert waitress. "Something to heat," replied the English visitor to the restaurant. "Suppose you try a flat-iron," said the P. W., who thought she was being gagged.—Boston Bulletin.

"Dulcet"—What art! You don't remember me! Why, I was introduced to you not two hours ago." Miss Cutler—"Don't you know, Mr. Dulcet, there are some people in the world who have to meet every few minutes in order to keep up an acquaintance?"—Kate Field's Washington.

"Wanted a Real Man.—He—"I'm astonished that she should have listed Fairman and taken up with Kreesus. She always maintained that Fairman was an ideal man." "Sue—"Yes, but she was fairly aware that none but a real man could furnish her with an establishment."—Wasp.

"First Reporter—"We've got the scoop on you in that robbery in the street-car. We were the only paper that published the name of the pickpocket, his arrest and the recovery of the money." Second Ditto—"Yes, but we were the only paper that gave the number of the car."—Boston Transcript.

"A lady who saw that her maid seemed to take a certain interest in the objects of art in her boudoir said to her: 'Which one of these figures do you like best, Mary?' 'This one, mum,' said Mary, pointing to the armless Venus of Milo. 'And why do you like the Venus best?' 'Shure it's the easiest to doot, mum!' answered the girl.

A SONG FINANCIER.

Little Johnny—"You're workin' for a prize this time, ain't you?"

Slight Boy—"Yes, and I think I'll get it."

"If you do, I'll give you fifty cents for it."

"What for?"

"Pop said he'd give me a dollar if I brought home a prize, and I'll give you half."—Good News.

World's Fair, Chicago.

Hotel - 100 rooms; 24 rooms; near Fair Grounds; bath, electric, etc. Every room, American and European plans, \$1 to \$2 a day. First-class family hotel. Write for circular. 141st

HOTEL DELAWARE, CHICAGO.

Corner Cottage Grove Ave. and 6th St. Only five minutes from World's Fair, Euro. plan, \$1.50; Am. plan, \$1.00. Superior table, attractive room, garden, etc. Served railroad, cable cars, W. U. Tel. wire.

HIGHLY ENDORSED.

WM. S. PELOUSE, Superintendent.

Hotel Dunlap.

Pressed brick, brown stone structure; located on the corner of sixty-third and Madison avenues, Chicago. Three minutes' walk from three corners to the World's Fair grounds. Bath, electric, etc. by trunk elevators. \$1.00 to \$2.00 per day and parties, two in a room. For rooms write to C. H. CLARKE, Manager.

St. Louis Is In It.

Exceedingly cheap rates to St. Louis are now in effect. The Union Pacific and Missouri Pacific are running a daily Pullman palace sleeper from Salt Lake City, Cheyenne and Denver to St. Louis without change. Pullman dining cars Denver to Kansas City. See M. B. Fulton, agent U. P. system, Abilene, Kansas. Sept. 30th

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

To the World's Fair.

Save time and avoid the crowd in the city by buying tickets over the "Great Rock Island Route" and stop off at Englewood near the World's Fair gate. Electric line from the Rock Island depot direct to the gate. Time, ten minutes. Fare, five cents. You can check your baggage to Englewood and avoid trouble and save expense as Englewood is in the great suburban hotel district near the Fair, and you can have your baggage sent at once to your quarters.

Remember, the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific is the World's Fair line for reasons given above.

JOHN SEBASTIAN, Gen'l Ticket and Pass Agent.

World's Fair Buildings.

The Horticultural Building, height of 132 feet. Cost of building \$300,000. The Union Pacific offers rates as cheap as the cheapest and unexcelled accommodations to Chicago via Kansas City and the Chicago & Alton R. R. No change of cars enroute. See M. B. Fulton, agent U. P. System Abilene, Kas. for detailed information. 47 Jy20dks.

The Woman's Building.

The Woman's Building, just south of the 59th St. entrance. Dimensions 200 by 400 feet. Cost \$140,000. Every